

A Glee.

A. 2. Part. Treble and Bass.

Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome , view well your Quills and
 Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome , view well your Quills and

Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,
 Bung, Sir: draw Wine to prserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,

If the Quills run soule, be a trusly Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an
 If the Quills run soule, be a trusly Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it. *Mr. Simon Pur.*
 ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
 being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
 to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.

THIRD BOOK,
CONTAINING

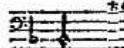
Short ATRES or BALADS for Three Voyces:
 Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. William Webb.*

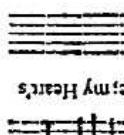
Wish no more thou shouldest love me, my joys are full in loving thee;



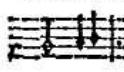
my Heart's too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again,



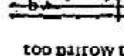
too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again,



With no more thou shouldest love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Hearts

*Cantus Secundus.**A. 3. Voc.**Bass.*

Wish no more thou shouldest love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Hearts



too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again,

A. 3.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.



Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aime at humane hearts ;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,
Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and then again

I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done;

such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

III.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blasts, or mine Eyes rain,
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Pow'r that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Cantus Secundus.



A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

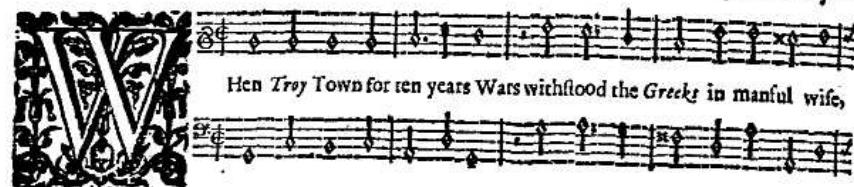
Bassus.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun,

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Dr. John Wilson.*

Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars withflood the *Greeks* in mansul wife,

yet did thei: Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town flood.

were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town flood.

yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

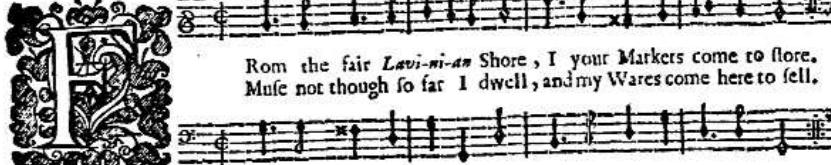
Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, withflood the *Greeks* in mansul wife,

*Cantus Secundus.**A. 3. Voc.**Bass.*

Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, withflood the *Greeks* in mansul wife

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that

were so good, and Corn now grow where *Troy* Town flood.

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Dr. John Wilson.*

Rom the fair *Layvinian* Shore, I your Markers come to flore,
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.

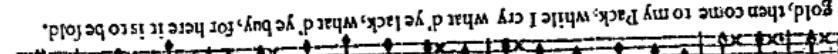


Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack; what d' ye
buy, for here it is to be sold.

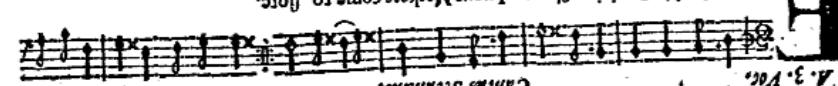
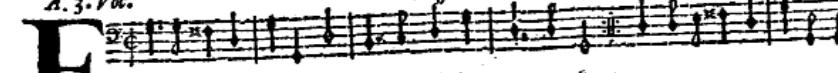


I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;
And what else thou wouldst request,
Even the Thing thou likest best.
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to me Lad,
Thou shalt have what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

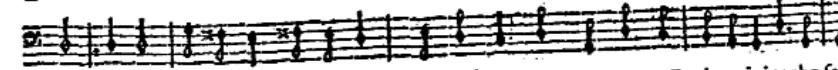
Maddam, come see what you lack,
Here's Complexion in my Pack;
White and Red you may have in this place,
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou shalt seem
Like a Wench of Fifteen,
Although thou be three-score Years old.



gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.

*Cantus Secundus.**Bass.*

Rom the fair *Layvinian* Shore, I your Markers come to flore.
Such is the sacred hunger of



gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

B b

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I

cowch when Owles do crie, on the Bass back I do flic after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

Owles do cry, on the Bass back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now

Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch where

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when

Owles do cry, on the Bass back I do flic after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine

Abbes brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

With her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

she--a birds to whilige at my Grates. When I lie tangl'd in her Hair, and fetter'd

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



Hen Love with unconfinid wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

thea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hen Love with unconfinid wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

thea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I
cowch when Owles do crie, on the Batts back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie
fai I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrily merrily shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie fai I live now
Owls do cry, on the Batts back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie fai I live now
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie; there I cowch when
VV

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when
Owles do cry, on the Batts back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

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Hen Love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hen Love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-
thes brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her
Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



O nor fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neute, nor
Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters, rising high, nor let the
waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee,
water, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee,
not Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the
O nor fear to put thy feet naked in the River sweet, think not Neute, nor Leech
C

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



O nor fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neute, nor Leech, nor
Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters
rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



I n the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood
so wide, when as May was in her pride; There I spy'd all alone all alone Philida and Coridon
Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.
Coridon would have kist her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then the bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witnes truth,
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Philida with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady May.

wide, when as May was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone Philida and Coridon
In the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood to
I

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



I n the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood to
wide, when as May was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone Philida and Coridon,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus:

Mr. William Lawes.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air;
 Fresher than Flow'r's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
 Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
 Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
 It peir'd quite through my heart;
 Oh, could thy breast once feele the same!

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
 Spight of a foward heart, coynts controule,
 And make thy love as fixt
 As is the heart thou prykst,
 Forting thee with me to condole.

Let not such Fortune my Love bethide;
 Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifid!
 Send me not to my Grave
 Unpitied like a slave;
 How can love such usage abide?

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
 This passion quickly will find out relief;
 Cupid wil from his Bowers
 Warm these chill hearts of ours,
 And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,
 Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;
 Then would you never scorn,
 When like to me you burn;
 At least not prove unkind to mee.

than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher
 than flower's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

Cantus Secundus.

E. V.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

O My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher
 than flower's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus:

Mr. William Lawes.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is stil a flying;
 And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he is getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,
 While youth and blood are warmer;
 Expect not the last and worst,
 Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 While you may go marry,
 For having once but lost your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

that smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is stil a flying; And that same Flow'r that
 smiles to day to morrow will be dying.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is stil a flying; And the same Flow'r that
 smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,
no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in stolen embraces dwell;
This only means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there,

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.
Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no
Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no
Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.

Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r could
reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y't not worth our serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross me Armes, and wonder stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit,
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrupulous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Not to check my flames grow proud;
For insooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

Yet though truth hath this confess,
And I swear I love in jilt,
Courteous soul, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame
You I vow, I in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y't not worth our serious part.
Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r could
reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y't not worth our serious part.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

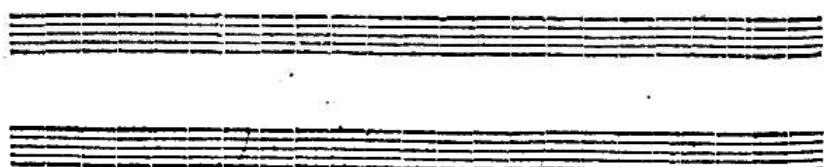
A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

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*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. Henry Lawes.*

Ing fair Clorinda, fair Clorinda sing, whilst you move those that attend the
 throne, the throne above, to leave their holy busines there; shall so much harmony attend to
 think the sphears were made in vain? Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it comforts
 growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,
 and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Secundus.*

Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.
 comfors growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke
 to think the sphears were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it
 to leave their holy busines there; till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain,
 Ing fair Clorinda, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,

*Bass.*

Ing fair Clorinda, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to
 leave their ho-ly busines there; till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain, to
 think the sphears were made in vain: Since here's a. voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it
 comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly and can provoke a Lil-ly, and
 can provoke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oake.

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. John Cobb.*

Micts are good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the Bellows;
 they Blow the Bellows while the Iron's hot; though there gains be small,
 Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot,
 and thy pot their Hammers call.

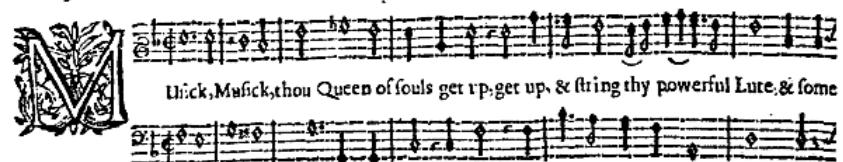
 Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike,
 stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a Winton:
 Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure
 'tis but opinion Ale hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly,
 Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot,
 come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.

Micts are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,
 they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small,
 Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call.

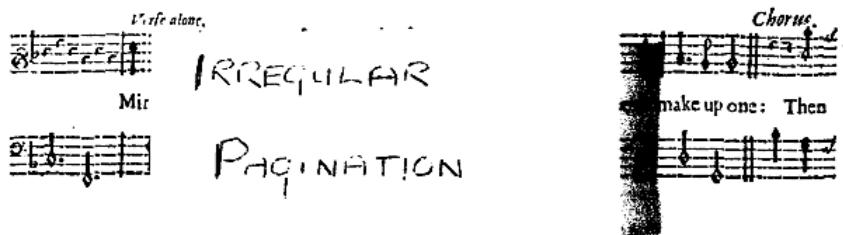
 Hallow, hallow is the white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast,
 stand fast, stand fast with a winion,
 Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale
 hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come
 thy pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Cæsar.

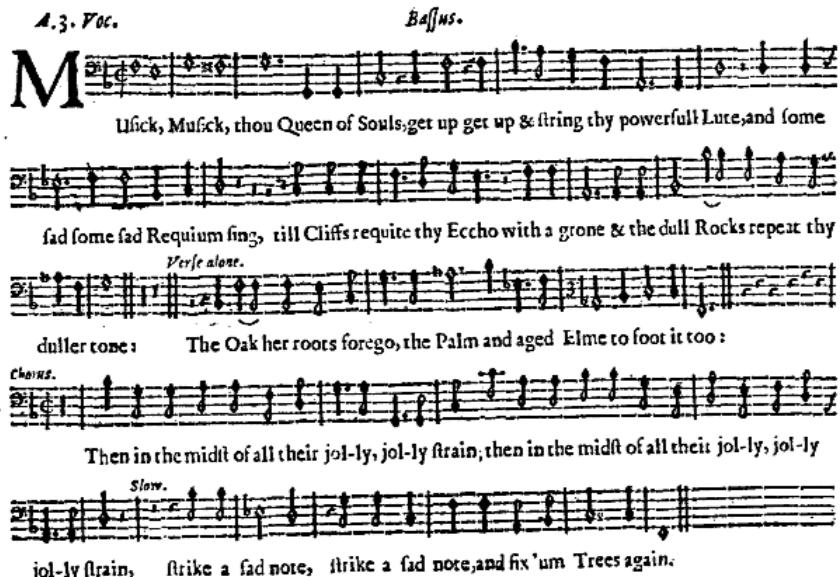


Ullick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some
sad, some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Echo with a grone, and the dull Rocks



in the midlt of all their jolly strain, then in the midlt of all their jolly strain, strike a sad note,

strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.



*A. 2. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. Jenkins.*

Ee, see, see the bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my Mistris
 Eyes, like Beams divine her Glory doth appear, and view the purer light, Stream from her Sight
 Stream from her Sight, when she shines clearly here: But vail her leeds; Ah then you'll find how night is
 hurl'd about the silent world, and we left blind; that darkness seems to prove, or ought we see 'tis only
 She make night and day to move: Then shone fair Celia left our borrowed light when your Sun sets.
 when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, perish, perish, perish in shades of Night.

*A. 2. Voc.**Bassus.**Mr. Jenkins.*

Ee, see the bright, bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my

Mistris Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the purer light Stream

from her Sight, whilet she shines clearly here: But veil her lids: Ah then you'll find how

Night is hurl'd about the silent World, and we left blind; that Darkness seems to prove, for

ought we see, 'tis only She makes Night and Day to move. Then shone fair Celia, left our

borrow'd Light, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; Perish, perish,

perish in Shades of Night.

*A. 2. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. Tho. Brewer.*

Urn Amarillis to thy Swain turn Amarillis to thy Swain turn Amarillis
to thy Swain, thy Damon calls thee back again, thy Damon calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,
pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where Apollo, where Apollo, where Apollo,
cannot spy, where Apollo cannot spy. Here let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,
sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Roundelay; sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe
Pipe a Roundelay.

*A. 2. Voc.**Bassus.**Mr. Tho. Brewer.*

Urn Amarillis to thy Swain, turn Amarillis, turn Amarillis, turn Amarillis
to thy Swain, thy Damon calls thee back again, thy Damon calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,
Arbour by, where Apollo, where Apollo, where Apollo, cannot spy: There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe,
sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Roundelay; sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe
Pipe a Roundelay.

Reader.

Here then hath this Song, for Two Voices; as it was
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, through a late
Years, two inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour, with mirth and
glee : To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full,
To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.
Now we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :
To recreate our Spirits dull, let's lau-gh and sing our Bellyes full.

In praise of MUSICK.

Musick miraculous Rhethorick ! that speak't Sence
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

W. D. Knight.

SELECT

AYRES AND DIALOGUES

To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED
By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private Musick :
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



LONDON,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.